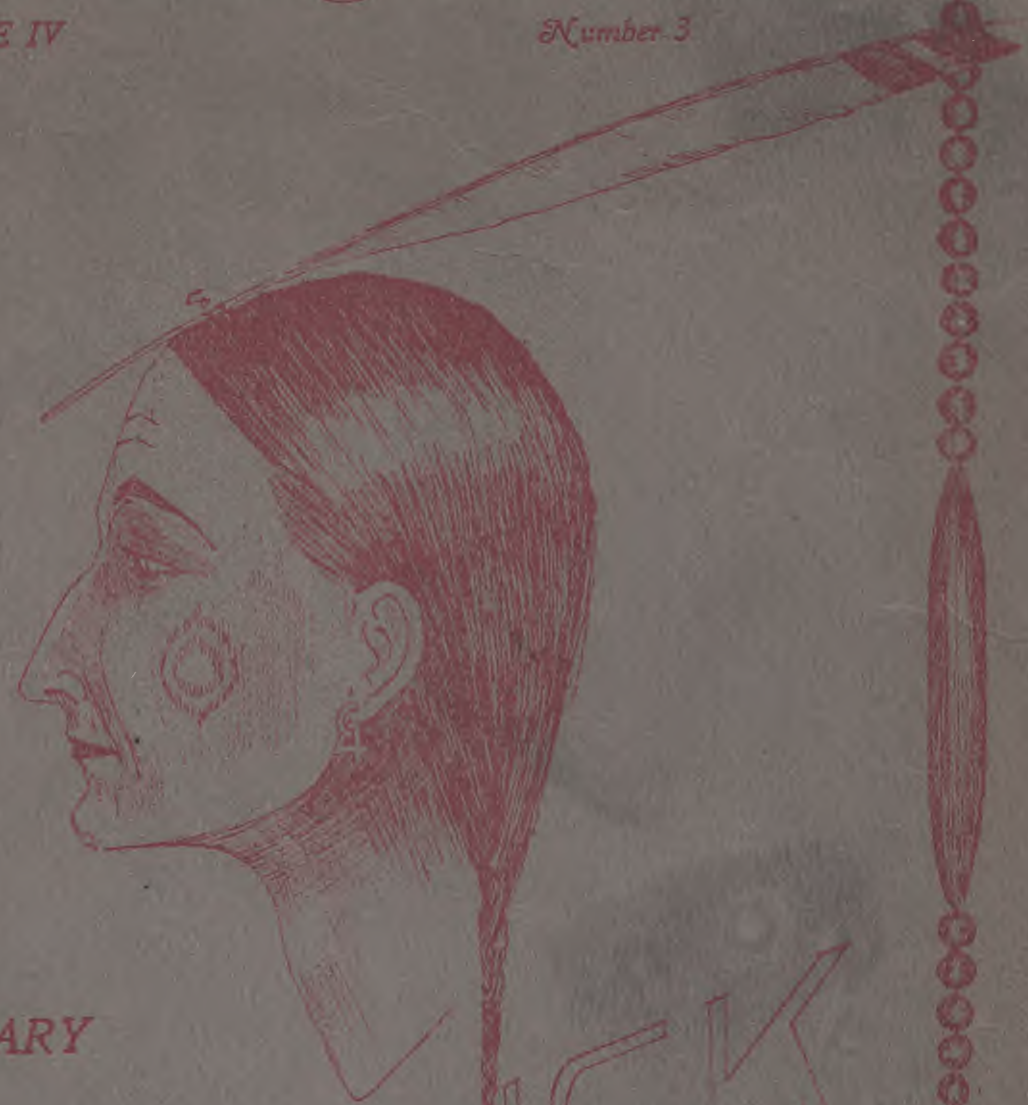


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VOLUME IV

Number 3



JANUARY

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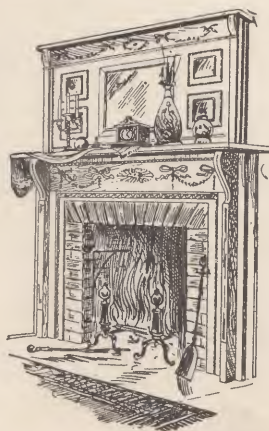
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OF SWITZERLAND
1848

HETUCK

VOL. IV

NEWARK, OHIO, JANUARY, 1904

No. 3

A WINTER EVENING.

Geminae '04.

The night was a clear and frosty one in January. The moon had just risen, full and bright. In a sitting room of their spacious country home, before a glowing grate fire, were seated two young girls. Margaret and Janet Raymond were just a wee bit lonely this evening, since their father and mother were absent on a visit to a nearby town, but were expected home some time during the night.

Margaret, the elder, a tall, beautiful brunette, suddenly arose and walked to the window. She stood for some time looking out at the snow glistening in the moonlight. Then, turning, she addressed her sister, who was reading near the fire.

"Janet," she said, "this is the most beautiful night. I do wish that some one would come, or that we were going away. I'm tired of ourselves, aren't you?"

Janet, still thinking of the delightful story she was reading, looked up and said, "No, I'm not tired, sister, but I wouldn't be sorry if some one would come." She arose and went across the room to where her sister was standing at the window.

She had scarcely finished speaking when the jingle of sleigh bells was borne to their ears. And soon a huge sled, crowded with young people, drew up in front of the house. A young man came hurrying in, and after greeting the girls, exclaimed: "Get on your wrappings, girls; we are going to old Mother Arrowsmith's to have our fortunes told. Make haste, the people are waiting."

Of course Margaret and Janet were only too eager to join the merry company waiting in the sleigh, and with the assistance of their old nurse began to wrap up. While they are getting ready we will introduce you to the young man. He was a handsome young fellow, the son of the village doctor, and he himself had just recently received his degree of M. D., and was now practicing with his father. As for his name, it was Jack Houghton, and the Raymonds and the Houghtons had been life-long friends.

Soon the trio, with the others, were skimming over the hard, frozen road, with the accompaniment

of much jollity and the sound of the merry bells.

Mother Arrowsmith by many people was regarded as a sort of witch. She and her husband lived alone at a distance of some five miles from the Raymonds. The spot was indeed lonely, and one would almost expect to find ghosts and witches there, if anywhere.

When the sound of the bells mingled with the fresh young voices reached the ears of the old people, they were startled, but opened the door. The old woman held a candle high above her head, the light streaming over her indeed gave her a weird appearance.

"Well, well, dearies! Come in, come in! And have you all come to have old Mother Arrowsmith tell you your fortunes? Come in, and I'll do my best for you!"

Soon they were seated in front of the huge old-fashioned fire-place, which filled nearly one whole side of the room.

The old lady indeed enjoyed having the young people come in this manner and soon brought out a bountiful supply of apples and nuts, which she placed on the hearth before the fire. Merriment and jests ran rife. Soon jolly Dick Elbright, an ardent admirer of the sweet, blue-eyed Janet, thinking that the old lady might say something by way of encouragement to him, said: "Well, mother, we came to hear our fates, and I'm getting rather impatient and I expect I'm not the only one," with a glance at Merle Howard, who was also a victim of the little god. "I'll be the first; begin with me."

All right," said the old woman, bringing out a large cauldron, half filled with a dark liquid, which she placed over the fire. As it became heated the room was filled with a pleasant but peculiar fragrance. Seating herself before the fire and from time to time stirring the liquid, she gave Dick a very propitious prophecy of his future, and if it might be relied on, his happiness would surely be complete. She told of successful business ventures,

of life in a distant city, of a beautiful home over which a bright-haired little girl would some time reign. As Dick saw a blush mantling Janet's fair cheek, he seemed satisfied.

"Now, Margaret, my dear, come; it is your turn. Your fortune must be a bonny one. Let me stir up the cauldron."

When Margaret had seated herself on a stool at the old lady's feet she made a very pretty picture, with the firelight dancing over her dark brown tresses and her eyes glowing with the excitement of the evening. And, such eyes as they were, truly expressive, and, as Jack Houghton had once said, they spoke volumes. This remark was one long cherished in Margaret's thoughts. Margaret was somewhat of a favorite with the old lady, and whether she guessed the state of affairs or not, the fortune was truly a bonny one.

"Margaret, dearie," she said, "you will live a long and happy life. There is a noble man who loves you and whose affections you return. You will marry him." So saying she glanced at Jack. Some of the young people laughed and began teasing them. They could scarcely be blamed. Whether Margaret was really angry, or only embarrassed we do not know; nevertheless, she would have nothing to do with Jack, and avoided meeting his eyes for the remainder of the evening. But the fun went on and no one seemed to notice the coolness between them.

When the old lady had disclosed the fates of the last one, they begged that she might tell them some stories. So while they partook of the apples and nuts and popped corn over the fire the two old people complied with their request. The old gentleman began by saying:

"Many years ago, when my mother was a young woman, she lived in the country some twenty miles from Chillicothe, to which town they took their produce for market. On account of the distance the journey was not a frequent one, and since it must be taken on horseback, a start was made before midnight. When my elder brother was quite small, my mother and her sister prepared to journey to market. They started about ten o'clock at night and after riding some ten miles, stopped to rest. It was a warm summer night and my aunt slept while leaning against a tree, my mother meanwhile keeping watch. At about half past two or three o'clock the journey was continued. The road was

not a very smooth one, and they soon came to a rather steep hill, and, as the horses were heavily laden they dismounted to lead them. As they were descending the hill, what was my mother's amazement to see rolling before the horse a great ball of fire. She was so terrified that she was unable at first to say anything to her sister. Soon the ball of fire disappeared and a white coffin appeared just in front of her and preceded her the rest of the way down the hill. When her terror had somewhat abated she spoke to her sister, asking her if she had seen anything strange. But my aunt had not observed these things, and as it was now growing light, they wended their way in safety toward the city. A short time after this event my brother died, and my mother believed this apparition was a warning of his death."

When Uncle Jimmy had finished this tale, several of the girls were noticed to glance furtively around and for a moment the silence was only broken by the sputtering of the apples on the hearth.

As ghost stories have a peculiar charm for most people, they immediately asked for another, so he said:

"Well, I'll tell you one. I myself know something about. Many years ago, when I was a young man, in the winter evenings it was the custom for some of the young people to walk to a small town called Burwick, to church. Much of the way lay through a dense wood. Through this wood there was a ravine near which two rivers united. On a dark and windy night we always hurried past this place, because here we could hear the wailing of a child. The story was told that a little child had once been abandoned in these woods and no one was able to find it. The girls in the crowd generally made the boys walk part in front and part in the rear, so that they might feel that they were protected. My dears, do you feel you will see any ghosts on your way home tonight?"

Although Janet was a little nervous, turning to the old lady, she said: "Oh, we are not frightened at all. I expect Uncle Jimmy is tired. Won't you tell us just one more story, and then we must go home?"

Mother Arrowsmith said: "Let me see. Yes, I believe I will tell you one.

"Long ago it was the custom for the men to make journeys to the lakes for salt. Once two men started with a load of farm produce, which they expected to sell and then go on to the lakes and bring back salt. After selling their goods, one of the men sud-

denly sickened and died. The other man brought him home for burial. But, strange to say, the money received for the sale of the goods was not to be found. The man's wife, being in poor circumstances, needed the money very much. Some time after, an uncle of mine was making a journey on foot across the country. He came to a small creek, which he must cross on a log. As he stepped on one end of the log, the ghost of the man who had died appeared standing on the other end, and kept pointing to the pocket of his vest. My uncle, though alarmed, thought immediately of the missing money. Instead of pursuing his journey he returned home and told of his experience. The body was exhumed and upon a thorough search the money was found concealed between the linings of the vest."

When the story was finished, Uncle Jimmy said:

"Now, children, I know you are in no mood to start home; you are too solemn, and the girls are all scared. So let's make use of the old fiddle and have a Virginia reel."

They were soon lined up and gayly dancing. Instead of waiting for Jack, who was coming, as usual, to ask her to be his partner, Margaret accepted Merle Howrd's invitation and was soon merrily talking and dancing with him. She did not deign even so much as a glance to Jack.

After dancing for some time they bade the old people good night, and were soon warmly tucked in the big sled. The ride home was certainly as pleasant as the one earlier in the evening. When they reached the Raymond home, Dick Elbright and Jack got out to help the girls to alight. Margaret, pretending not to see Jack, jumped from the sled and fell in the snow. When Jack attempted to assist her to arise she gave a cry of pain. There was nothing for her to do, but to allow him, with the assistance of Jack, to carry her into the house and place her on a couch. By this time Janet had aroused her parents, who had arrived while the girls were gone.

Jack found, upon examination, that she had a badly sprained ankle. He carefully bound the injured member, and Margaret bore the pain very heroically. Since the injury was not very serious, the young people were leaving, and Mr. and Mrs. Raymond and Janet had gone into the hall with them, leaving Margaret and Jack alone for the moment. Margaret was lying very white and still, and Jack, seizing the opportunity, bent over her, saying: "Margie, darling, shall I send father in the morning to see

about this poor little ankle, or may I come myself?"

Margaret, looking up at him with a glad light in her eyes, said, "I think Dr. Jack, and not his father, may come."

We must leave what followed to your conjecture. Suffice it to know that the society papers chronicled the Houghton-Raymond wedding, which took place in early June.

LOVE AND QUARRELING.

Every man and woman of us who has lived long enough in the world to gain wisdom by experience will be obliged to admit the strange, sad union of love and quarreling. But every one of us who has lived deeply enough to know that experience worketh hope will admit that when love quarrels with its best beloved, it is just because this noble ideal of unity has run off the track, so to speak; a virtue has gone to seed; a divine quality has developed a defect. The outlook for quarrelsome love is not so hopeless when we can understand this. See how it would work if those two squabbling sisters would either of them stop to remember that it is only love, foolish, exasperating, unbalanced love, that is responsible for the ill-bred domestic criticism that spoils the home life. If Jane once honestly believed that Mary's love made her so unpleasant she would stop aghast, amused no doubt, and very likely touched, but almost certainly silenced. And that would be the end of the quarrel.—Mary Delan in Harper's Bazar.

Boyabus kissibus sweeti gilorum,
Girlabus likebus wanti someorum,
Papibus hearibus kissi someorum,
Kickabus boyabus outi the dorum;
Darkibus nightibus no moonlightibus,
Climibus gatebus, breechbus torum.—Ex.

Mother—John, stop usng such dreadful language.

John—But Shakespeare used it.

Mother—Then don't play with him; he's no fit companion for you.—Ex.

A GENTLE HINT.

There is a little matter which we must need mention. Some of our subscribers are very forgetful, and it would indeed be a source of great pleasure to us if some time in the near future they would kindly call on us and settle this trifling matter.

LOCALS

Vacation lasted from December 23d until January 4th, 1904.

Prof. Tait spent the holidays at his home in New York.

Margaret Hall was a guest in Zanesville during the holiday week.

Mr. Wise spent the vacation at his home in Philadelphia.

The Pilgrim Magazine has been added to the library.

An addition in the form of new writing chairs has been made to the office of Prof. Childs.

Miss Grace Davis spent part of the holidays in Marion, Ohio.

Miss Thomas went to her home in Oxford, Ohio, for Christmas.

A large number of the Alumni have visited chapel during the last month.

Miss Vera McVey was a visitor at Zanesville during Christmas week.

Miss Faye Barnhart spent the vacation at Prospect, Ohio.

Bernice Brown has been absent for several days on account of sickness.

Miss Mary Neal, who is going to school at Wellesley, spent the holidays in Newark.

Zelpha Billman was in Columbus during the Christmas vacation.

Aaron Warman, '03, spent the holidays in Newark.

Jean Moore, '03, spent the holidays in Newark

Mabel Phillips, '02, was in Newark at Christmas.

Merril Montgomery was in Newark during the Christmas vacation.

Helen Crane, who is attending school in Baltimore, was at home during the Christmas vacation.

Grace Fulton, who is attending Wilson College, was at home during the holidays.

Fred Metz, of Ford City, Pa., was in Newark during the holidays.

SENIOR PLAY—"CLASS DAY."

The Seniors are very much elated at the success of the play given by them in the High School Chapel on December 11th.

The play was under the able instruction of Miss Florence King.

The title of the play was "Class Day," and it was full of many laughable incidents. The cast was comprised of the following: Russell Legge, Clyde Doughty, Clyde Erwin, Grove Montgomery, Laurel Young, Bright Hilliard and Lulu Barrick. All participants acquitted themselves in an admirable manner.

During the first part of the programme, Messrs. Will and Frank Reynolds, accompanied by Professor Frank Reynolds rendered some fine selections on the trombone and cornet. Mr. Will Reynolds and Miss Bertha Penny received hearty applause for their vocal solos.

The play was a financial success, also, as over a hundred dollars were realized. A liberal share of the proceeds will go towards a class memorial, as such an agreement was made before the class could get the use of the chapel.

COULD NOT PRODUCE THE ARMS.

A peddler selling glue to mend broken china stopped at a lady's door. On being told she had none, he looked through the door and saw Venus de Milo on a pedestal. "Oh, yes, you have," says he. "I see a piece of broken statuary. Now, if you just get me those arms, I will show you how nice it can be done." The lady closed the door.

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN—The Man and His Works.

By N. B. YEARDLEY.

A PAPER READ AT THE HIGH SCHOOL "CREATION RECITAL," DEC. 23, 1903.

It seems to have become the fashion of late to decry and disparage precocity in children; and the "youthful prodigy" has become almost as much ridiculed and abused as the long suffering mother-in-law. However much foundation in fact there may be for this growing scepticism as to the future achievements of "infant wonders," musical biography almost universally testifies to the fact that all great musicians manifested very early in life their predilection for the divine art. Haydn was no exception to this rule. In fact, had his musical precocity been ever so little less decided than it was, the Catholic church would have gained one more mediocre priest and the world would have lost Joseph Haydn, the great composer.

It is said that in Italy when a male child is born of poor parents he is thrown upon the thatched roof of their hut. If he clings to the roof, they make him a priest; if he rolls off, they make him a musician. As Joseph Haydn was born in Austria, probably he was not thrown upon the roof; but nevertheless his mother wanted him to be a priest, and his father (who was somewhat of an artist in his rude peasant style, as he sang and accompanied himself on the harp "by ear") wanted him to become a musician.

Kind fortune, coupled with the boy's happy precocity, favored the wishes of the latter parent, and a cousin—a choirmaster in a larger town early—was made the instrument of fate in deciding the boy's career. It seems that the cousin visited the Haydn's when Joseph was six years old, discovered his embryotic talent, and, with the consent of his humble but ambitious parents, took him away from his home at Rohrau (which he was never destined to re-enter save as a visitor), to the larger town of Hainburg.

Young Haydn was gifted with a fun-loving and somewhat mischievous disposition as well as a musical temperament, and received many thrashings from his teacher-guardian on account of his boyish pranks. Perhaps it was the spirit of fun as well as the genius of music which impelled the lad to imitate a violin player so well as to attract his cousin's attention at the first. Certain it is that fun was ever

in mind when a boy, wit through manhood, and geniality—the child of a lively heart—in old age.

At the age of eight years he was again "discovered" by a musician named Reutter, and carried off to Vienna to become a choir boy in St. Stephen's Cathedral, where his beautiful voice was heard for eight years, until it "broke," and his mischievous pranks got him into trouble with the choirmaster. His faults were generally overlooked because he was so good natured, until one day, in a spirit of fun, he cut off the "pigtail" of a fellow chorister, for which act he was severely flogged and then discharged.

After this for some time he barely managed to keep himself from starving by teaching, receiving the munificent (?) sum of 72 cents per month from each pupil he was fortunate enough to secure.

But in spite of all such discouragements he continued to persist in doing what he was undoubtedly sent upon this planet to perform—expressing the great musical thoughts which constantly came to his great musical soul.

But the trouble which came to Haydn from investigating and abbreviating wigs did not serve as a lasting lesson. At twenty-eight he became the friend of a wig-maker named Keller, who had two daughters, fell in love with Johanna, the younger (who entered a convent), after which the young man was persuaded by the father to marry Doretta, the elder. This proved a greater misfortune than that which came to him as a result of curtailing the chorister's wig in the choir. The less said of Frau Haydn the better. The unhappiness of married life, however, did not sour Haydn's disposition nor stay his prolific pen, as is evidenced by the number of his vocal compositions, fourteen masses, one *stabat mater*, eight oratorios and cantatas, nineteen operas, forty-two canons, and over three hundred Scotch songs.

"The Creation" is his greatest work, though composed in his ripe old age, and upon it he spent between two and three years. It will ever be popular, though some critics have found fault with the imitative style of some of the accompaniments, which they thought detracted from its dignity. But we do not find outside of Bach or Handel a nobler chorus than "The Heavens Are Telling." "With Ver-

[Continued on Page 11.]

THE HETUCK

A Monthly Magazine Published by the High School,
Newark, Ohio.

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American Tribune  Newark, Ohio

The Christmas holidays are a thing of the past, but not one to be soon forgotten. For the most part the vacation certainly was a gay one. Numerous social events kept the pupils happy and busy.

The year 1903 has gone and we have already started upon 1904. Of course this will be a memorable year to the mighty Senior Class, for does it not bring the finishing of their High School course, and for a part, at least, the commencement of a higher education?

Doubtless we have all resolved to make this year the best. How many resolutions have been broken already? If they have been broken, can we not make them anew? There is an old maxim which runs thus: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

Pupils always regard this as the most unpleasant part of the year. The reason may be due to several circumstances; first, the inclement weather, then the time from January to April is so long, when not broken by any vacation, but of course it could not be because the examinations come at this season. What are you going to do—succeed, or go down to ignominious failure—in other words, flunk? Let us hope and work for the best.

Single copies of the Hetuck are on sale at the High School and at Horney & Edmiston's book store.

HAYDN RECITAL.

The first semester of musical work was closed on December 23, with the third of the series of recitals of "The Great Composers." The first part of the oratorio, "Creation," was given in its entirety, with choice selections from the second and third parts. The High School chorus was assisted by Miss Bertha Penney, soprano; Mr. Will Reynolds, baritone; and Mr. Harry M. Hart, tenor, the latter of Marietta, Ohio. Mr. Hart was heard for the first time in Newark, and was well liked. Miss Penney and Mr. Reynolds sang in their usual charming manner. Miss Mabel Glenn was the accompanist.

The program was opened with a representation of Chaos on cornet, trombone and piano, by Professor Reynolds, Will and Frank Reynolds.

Three Christmas selections were rendered, "Comfort Ye" and "Every Valley" (from "The Messiah")—Handel. Mr. Hart; "Nazareth"—Gounod, a unison chorus by the school. The work done at these recitals does Professor Yeardeley credit, and shows great improvement under his direction.

I slept in an editor's bed one night,
When no one chanced to be night;
I thought as I rested on his downy couch,
How easily editors lie. —Ex.

Charles W. wants somebody to quarrel with.

See here boys, it's just like this, I have tried all the CLOTHING STORES
in town and have at last settled down on

MITCHELL, VAN ATTA & CO.

Everything they sell you is stylish and good, and prices are always right

ATHLETICS.

A GREAT VICTORY FROM THE ZANESVILLE STARS.

A good sized audience witnessed the crushing defeat of the All Stars basket ball team of Zanesville at the hands of the Newark High School in the Armory at Zanesville, New Year's evening. Many Newark rooters were on hand to cheer their boys on to victory, and the All Stars were not without support.

The game was scheduled to be called at 8:30 o'clock, but it was considerably after that hour when the opposing forces took their places for the toss off. Within a minute Newark had scored a goal, and from that time on the Zanesville boys never had a chance of winning. Both the individual and the team work of the visitors surpassed that of the Clay City boys, and when the first half was over, the score was: Newark 11, All Stars 2.

The second half was more hotly contested than the first, but in this part of the game the Newarks led in the number of goals. When the whistle blew for "time up," this was the story:

"N. H. S., 19; All Stars, 7."

The line-up:

Newark H. S.—Beecher, left forward; Pine, right forward; Doughty, center; Hart, left guard; Moore, (captain) right guard.

All Stars—Moore, left forward; Gates, right forward; Brown, center; Kerr, left guard; Poyer (captain), right guard.

Referee, Atwood; umpire, Fitzgerald; time keeper, Ferrell; scorer, Meeds.

Goals—Beecher 2, 2, 1, 2, 2, 2; Doughty 2; Moore (Newark) 2, 2, 2; Moore (All Stars) 2; Brown 2; Kerr 2; Poyer 1. Total—N. H. S., 19; All Stars, 7.

N. H. S., 19; BAKER CLASS 10.

The Newark High School basket ball team defeated the Baker Class club in their own gym at Zanesville, Friday, December 18. The score was 19 to 10.

The gym was in the basement of a church and very small. It had posts in the middle and very low ceilings.

The H. S. boys had a very poor outlook for vic-

tory, but they soon demonstrated their ability to play under any and all conditions.

The first half was hotly contested and finished with an even score, 7 to 7, N. H. S. having made most of her scores by the fouls of the Zanesville opponent of Pine, who, it seems, had never played before, or was more used to playing football.

The H. S. boys played a clean and fast game, and were heartily cheered by both crowds when a splendid play was made.

The Zanesville boys, with one exception, were very gentlemanly players, and regretted very much the playing of Whartenby.

This was the second game in which the Baker boys met defeat at the hands of N. H. S.

The following is the line-up of the teams:

Zanesville—Phillips right forward; Ebright, left forward; Johns, center; Whartenby, right guard; Kelley-Marion, left guard.

Newark—Moore, right forward; Hart, left forward; Doughty, center; Pine, right guard; Beecher, left guard.

Referee, Fitzgerald. Time keeper, Drumm. Umpire, Heron.

Goals from field—N. H. S., 7; Zanesville, 5. Goals from fouls—N. H. 6., 5; Zanesville, 2.

The N. H. S. boys were royally entertained at the home of Miss Wiseman after the game, and all look forward to another visit there when they go down again.

QUEER SIGNS

"Birds are boarded here by the day week, or month."

"Ladies deficient in wardrobe are fashionably dressed on easy, monthly payments."

"Sore eyes in poodles effectually cured here."

"Babies are hired or exchanged."

"Old sets of artificial teeth are bought and sold."

"Black eyes are artificially painted over."

"False noses as good as new and warranted to fit."

"Dine here and you will never dine anywhere else."

"Why walk about in misery when I can bury you decently for \$18?"

THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD

OUTLOOK FOR 1904

Instead of reviewing the notable events of December, it seems advisable to forecast, as far as possible those events which will receive most thoughtful attention during the coming year.

In the United States the greatest interest will be manifested in the election of a successor to President Roosevelt. At this time it is impossible to state what will be the main issue between the parties and who will be the nominees of the political parties. A year ago there seemed no doubt that the Republicans would nominate President Roosevelt to succeed himself; but today, while it seems probable that he will be the nominee, yet there are some elements in his party that are opposed to him because he has offended certain corporate interests and has not protected certain corrupt members of his party. In case another leader is chosen, it seems that Senator Hanna will be the man. Among the Democrats there is even less certainty than among the Republicans; several names have received consideration, the most conspicuous being Gorman, Parker and Olney.

It does not seem probable that Congress will do much except ratify to the treaty with Panama and provide for the construction of the isthmian canal.

Although this is the year for the regular session of the Ohio Legislature, there will not be much important legislation at Columbus; the principal legislation will be the adoption of a school code.

In the rest of the Americans, there is at present no signs of any important event except the efforts of Colombia to subdue Panama; of this there is no chance of success, as with the adoption of the treaty the United States will be pledged to preserve the independence of Panama, and Europe has refused to interfere. A number of the important European states have recognized Panama since that country has consented to assume its proportion of Colombia's debts. It is generally believed that President Diaz, of Mexico, will retire during the year; if he does we shall see if Mexico is capable of self-government, or if as soon as the beneficent dictator ceases to control, she will engage in the pastime of

most of the Spanish-Americans—revolutions.

The principal matter of discussion in Great Britain is free trade or high tariff; for years England has been the principal advocate of free trade, and Englishmen have thought that question was definitely settled, but recently the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain has advocated a tariff, so that by reciprocity with the colonies the bonds of union might be strengthened.

The eyes of France and of the world will again be fixed upon the Dreyfus case. In 1894 Captain Dreyfus was convicted of selling French military secrets to other nations and was sentenced to degradation and to imprisonment in the penal station on Devil's Island; in 1899 through the efforts of the late M. Zola, he was given a new trial and was again convicted; but it was apparent that most of the evidence against him was forgeries and that some one else was guilty; it was easy to cause him to be suspected because of the race prejudice against the Jews; that he was innocent the President of France tacitly admitted by immediately pardoning him. He will have a third trial and it is generally believed that justice will at last be given him by restoring his commission as an officer.

Civilization's greatest fight of the year will be in the Orient, where any day war between Russia and Japan may start; if there should be a war, most of the nations of the world would be involved, as France and Russia are allies and Great Britain and Japan. It is impossible to predict the outcome of such a war; on land Russia seems vastly superior, while Japan is probably stronger on the sea; but Japan is fighting civilization's battle against the greatest despotism there is today; naturally, the sympathies of this country are with the Japanese. There are a few encouraging circumstances; in the first place, Russia cannot carry on an extensive war without borrowing large sums of money, as she is already heavily in debt. The chief money lenders of the world are the Jews, and it is doubtful whether the Jews will lend money to the most bitter persecutor of their race. Again, the recent coming to

gether of France and England will tend to preserve the peace. Nevertheless, a long and severe war seems certain, and if it must come, it is to be hoped that Russia will be defeated, as such a result will advance the cause of civilization, not only in the East, but in Russia itself.

A RECIPE FOR SUCCESS.

How is it I have prospered so? How is it I have struck Throughout the hull of my ka-reer just one long streak of luck?

Intellijunce young man; that's all, I reason an' re-fiec'—

'Tis jest intellijunce an' brains plus straightout intellec'.

W'en I git up I'm allus sure to dress my right foot first,

Or put my drawers on wrong side out, or have my vest reversed,

For them are signs you'll hev good luck; an eddicated man

Knows all them signs an' shapes his life on a consistent plan.

I've strewed old hoss-shoes down the road for some-thin' like a mile,

An' I go out an' hunt 'em up a-every little while; For if you find a hoss-shoe, w'y, you're sure to prosper then,

A fac' that is familyer to all eddicated men.

A cat's tail p'intin' to'rds the fire, it is an awful sign,

But I hev counteracted it with every cat of mine; If my cat's tail should p'int that way it wouldn't give me scares;

I'd go in my back entry then an' simply fall upstairs.

It's a good sign to fall upstairs an' counteracts the cat;

An' that's the way I shape my life, I ballunce this with that.

I see four crows-bad sign, I know-might scare a man that's bolder;

But I jest wait an' see the moon rise over my right shoulder.

The moon it counteracts the crows; one ballunces the other,

For one is jest wiped out, you see, and canceled off off by t'other.

I hear a dog howl in the night; it don't give me no dread;

I ballunce it by gitin' out the right han' side the bed.

An' so I've prosperad all my life by jest a little pains.

Intellijunce, young man, that's all, an' intellec' an' brains.

'Tis ignorance that makes men fail. An' wisdom-nothin' less--

Inlightenmunt an' knowledge, sir, can bring a man success.

--Sam Walter Foss, in New York Sun.

FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDEN

[Continued from Page 7]

dure Clad" and "Rolling in Foaming Billows" are both among the gems of oratorio. The tone-picture of Chaos, with which the work opens, stands out as one of the noblest bits of orchestration that Haydn ever wrote.

Haydn was religious and sincere in character, and to this can be ascribed the grand simplicity which pervades his compositions. His symphonies are beautiful in form, his sonatas rich and tender in melody, and his quartets for string instruments full of pathos and exquisite feeling.

His greatest success came to him late in life, after his visit to London, where he became the guest of the Prince of Wales. Haydn's mother was a cook, and he became the guest of a monarch. From the kitchen to the palace—truly genius is elevating!

The moral of his long life of seventy-seven years is devotion to art for art's sake. He was loyal to it through poverty, suffering and disappointment, never doubting his mission on earth. His early career was through tears; but, as Heine says, "The artist is the child in the fable, every one of whose tears was a pearl. Ah, the world, that cruel step-mother, beats the poor child the harder, to make him shed more tears!"

"Isn't that a brigantine that's just coming up?" inquired the passenger.

"No. I think not," replied the seasick man nearby. "I don't remember having eaten a brigantine."
—Ex.

ROUND TABLE.

The exchange editor realizes to the fullest extent that the way of the critic is hard, but all the school papers finished up the year so creditably, that we expect greater things for the future, and in consequence this exchange editor means to be charitably inclined this month.

The Christmas design on the Orange and black is very good, and the paper contains several interesting stories.

We are glad to acknowledge the receipt of the first issue of the Houston Crimson. It has made a very good beginning.

The story, "It Ended Well," in the Herald, is excellent, as is the paper as a whole.

The cover on the Twentieth Century Chat is unique, to say the least.

The Moccasin, of Mansfield, is one of the best papers which we have at our exchange table this month.

The Student, of Columbus, Kansas, is a new visitor at our table. Come again.

We greet the Seminary Breeze for the first time this month.

The Trident is improving, but where are its stories?

The Red and Black, of Reading, Pa., shows that its editors understand their business. It's a fine paper.

The Anchor this month has a very dainty cover, and its contents are very good.

We read the Roaring Branch, of Bennington, Vt., with interest.

The cover on the November number of the Oracle was very appropriate.

We are pleased to acknowledge the receipt of the

following exchanges: The Scribbler, Morrisville, Vt.; The Oracle, North Des Moines High School; The Chemawa Weekly American, Chemawa, Oregon; The Otterbein Aegis, Westerville, Ohio.

The High School Monthly is always welcome and had an interesting local column this month.

And last of all, may we ask that the one who started that article which has gone he rounds of the exchanges about "siouxeysighed" will either start something new and better or commit suicide?

HIAWATHA

M. B. A. '04.

If you should ask me from whence came these legends and stories, with the odors of the forests and the rushing of rivers, I should answer, "From the land of the Dacotahs and Objibways, and from all nature. I shall repeat them just as I heard them from the lips of Nawadaha, the sweet singer. Ye who love the ballads of a people, and believe that in even savage bosoms there are longings and yearnings for the good, listen to this song of Hiawatha:

The wigwan of Nokomis stood by the shores of Gitchee Gumee, the Big Sea Water. Once long ago she had fallen from the moon and had borne a daughter, Wenonah, who grew up tall and beautiful, and the West Wind, Mudjekeewis wooed her. Hiawatha was their son.

In her wigwam then Nokomis nursed the little Hiawatha, for Mudjekeewis had deserted them and her sorrow Wenonah had died. And when he was a little older she taught him many strange and wonderful things. When he saw the shadows on the moon, he asked, "What is that Nokomis"? And Nokomis answered, "Once an angry warrior threw his grandmother right up against the moon. It is her body you see there."

Hiawatha learned the names and languages of all the birds, so that he could talk with them whenever he met them, "Hiawatha's chickens," and called the animals, "Hiawatha's brothers." Iagoo, the great story teller, made a bow for him from the ash-tree and made arrows, from an oak bough. Then Hiawatha went alone into the forest to kill a deer. All

birds, the squirrels and rabbits, without fear came near him and said, "Do not shoot us, Hiawatha." But he did not heed them, for his eyes were on the deer-tracks before him. As he lay hidden in the bushes, he saw a deer coming down the pathway and with careful aim shot it. Then he proudly bore it home and nokomis made a cloak from the deer-skin, and all the village came and feasted on the flesh.

Soon Hiawatha grew from childhood into manhood and was a very skilled hunter. He could shoot an arrow and then run forward with such swiftness, that the arrow fell behind him. He had magic mittens with which he could grind rocks to powder and moccasins of deerskin, which carried him a mile at each stride.

In the springtime, Hiawatha built a wigwam and fasted there seven days. On the first day as he walked in the forest he saw the deer and rabbit and in despair cried, "Master of Life, must our lives depend on these things?" The next day he uttered the same words when he saw the rice and berries and again on the third day as he saw the fish in the water below him. On the fourth day while he lay exhausted in his tent, he saw approaching him a youth dressed in green and yellow, with plumes of green bent over his head, and with soft yellow hair. For a while the youth stood looking at him, then said, "I am Mondamin, the friend of man, Come now and wrestle with me."

Although faint, Hiawatha went out and wrestled with him, and as he wrestled he grew stronger. For four days they wrestled and then he gained the victory and buried Mondamin as he had asked, and the maize, in all its beauty, sprang from the place, and in the autumn Hiawatha made a great feast for the people.

Hiawatha had two very good friends, singled out from all others, with whom he pondered much for the good of the people. Chibiabos, sweetest of all singers, was the best loved. All nature had borrowed sweetness from his tones and all men were softened by his music. Kwasind, the strong man, was also very dear to Hiawatha. As a child he had never fished, hunted or played as others and was called lazy. When his mother told him to wring the fish-nets for her, so great was his strength, that he broke them.

While Kwasind was hunting with his father one

day, their progress was hindered by the trees across the pathway. His father was about to turn back but Kwasind quickly threw aside the trees and cleared the way.

When Hiawatha told Nokomis of his love for Minnehaha, the daughter of an Arrow-maker, in the land of the Dacotahs, she advised him to select a wife from his own tribe, but he would not heed her and set out to the land of the Dacotahs. On the outskirts of a forest he saw a herd of deer and shot one, which he carried as a gift to Minnehaha.

At the doorway of his wigwam sat the arrow-maker, thinking of the great warriors who used to come to him for arrows. By his side sat Minnehaha, thinking of a handsome young warrior who had once come for arrows. There was a rustle in the bushes and Hiawatha came forth.

Both welcomed him and then they went into the tent. When Hiawatha asked the Arrow-maker for his daughter, he said, "It shall be as Minnehaha wishes." And she answered, "I will follow you, my husband." Then Hiawatha started on the homeward journey, with his bride, all nature offering congratulations. But before long a famine came into the land and with it came the fever. And Minnehaha was stricken and died. Then for seven days Hiawatha mourned for his Minnehaha, and Nokomis could not comfort him. Then Iagoo came home from his travels, with wonderful stories of men, with their faces painted white, but the people only laughed at him, nor would they believe him until the white men really came to Hiawatha's tent.

Then Hiawatha, leaving the white men in the care of Nokomis, and bidding farewell to his people, set out in his canoe for the kingdom of Ponemah, for the land of the Hereafter.

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All the Latest Patterns, Silks and Styles.

\$1.50 values, now	\$1.00
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All 25c values, now	.15

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EMERSON'S

A REVERIE.

I was thinking my lessons over,
 The tasks we had had that day,
 And the wonderful bits of knowledge
 We all had tried to say.

Floating bodies came up before me
 With an upward and downward breeze,
 And I thought as they splashed the water,
 The currents began to freeze.

The specific gravity vexed me;
 Of course I knew it was dense,
 For the buoyant force which raised it
 Had hung it on the fence.

I came to the province of physics,
 And it carried me farther on;
 I think 'twas the force of inertia
 That kept me from going down.

Newton, Gallileo, Archimedes,
 Were great poets in Physics, I think,
 And said in a philosophical way
 That floating bodies would sink.

If you boil the pressure of liquids
 In a vaporization can,
 The rainfall will be abundant
 Where the fusion of dew began.

The experiments we had today
 Have set us all to working;
 I know they're hard to figure out,
 But we will do no shirking.

A dish and tubes on the table lay,
 And a box—'twas made of oak;
 They were combined in a funny way—
 I took it all for a joke.

And once I was discouraged
 At the form the figure took;
 Then I remembered 'twas a siphon—
 I learned it in a book.

There were salads liquors and gases,
 And one or two others, I think,
 That Boyle's famous outlaw
 Kept for a daily drink.

Now I've the Jolly Balance,
 It's virtues I'll not paint;
 'Twas made for a weighty purpose—
 The thought has made me faint

Physics is a wonderful story,
 It will teach you all to think;
 I suspect we'll be electrified
 Before we reach the brink.

So the little cares that vexed me
 Silently faded away,
 As faded the clouds of midnight
 Into the gleams of day.

WANTED.

To know how to talk without being heard.—Marion W.

One of the photos Florence W. distributed in Room 7.

Some Barker to skate with.—Eugene.

To know what Harold and Cora talk about in E. Classics.

To know what Harry M. sees in the northwest corner of Room 6, the fourth period.

To know why Vera McVey is liked by "Frank" people.

To know where the little bird is, in Room 4, during Rhetoric; always chirping when no one is reciting.

To know where Lina S. gets so much candy.

EMERSON

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Business and professional men, bankers, salesmen travelers, tourists and men of all callings in life, are the ones who are wearing the Emerson garments. Here you will find apparel for all mankind, from the staple, durable garments of the laboring man to the evening suit of the man of society. Also a complete line of wearables for juveniles.



The census embraces seventeen million women.
How would you like to be the census.—Ex.

If a laddie kiss a lassie
And the gas be low
If he does n'ae repeat the action,
I call that laddie slow.

But if a lassie kiss a laddie
And he turn away,
Well, upon my soul of honor,
I scarce know what to say.

EX.—

A fair co-ed is said to have declined hic thus:
“Hic, haec, hoc; hug-us, hug-us, hug-us; quick,
quick quick—there, that's as far as I got.”—Ex.

A new word coined by a member of the Tenth
grade: “Destructed.”

“In the Grammar the elements which tend to make
a language stable were given.” A girl asked Mr. T.
what a Language stable was.

Mr. Wise said he was glad there were so many
children in Room 6 and supposed they would all
hang up their stockings for Christmas.

The Sophomores are simply going crazy over
Caesar.

When an island is entirely surrounded by water.
—Pearl M.

It is rumored that Earl Woodward is a basket
ball player.

M. A. recently met with a sad accident, having

been deprived of half his clothing by his classmates.

John Edwards had quite a downfall in Latin class
the other day.

There is some talk of the boys in the chemistry
class being taken to the Kindergarten.

We think that Vernal K. needs a private secre-
tary.

You may come to the library tomorrow morning
at eight o'clock.—Miss Allen.

Prof. Austin: “Carrie can't you and Lee find any-
think more profitable to do?”

Margaret N. finds it necessary to provide her-
self with ear trumpets to use in Civics class, as,
since, the holiday vacation, she sits so far from her
instructor.

Master—What happened to Achilles in his infancy?
Boy—His mother dipped him in the River Styx,
and he became intolerable.

Mr. A. (in Physics)—Stella, will you please work
this problem?

Stella D.—Mr. A., I can't. I don't know what it
looks like.

Teacher—What is a farm?

Pupil—A farm is a body of land entirely sur-
rounded by a fence.

Mr. Tait—Jennie, if you want to talk to Fred, you
may sit closer to him.

Jennie did not take the hint, but Fred did.

LINEHAN BROS. Good Value

IN SHOES.

"If men are the salt of the earth, women are undoubtedly the sugar. Salt is a necessity—sugar a luxury. Vicious men are saltpeter; stern men are rock salt; nice men are table salt; old maids are brown sugar; good natured matrons are loaf sugar; pretty girls are pulverized sugar. Please pass the pulverized sugar."—Ex.

Sunday School Teacher—Well, who was sorry at the return of the Prodigal Son?

Little Girl—The fatted calf.

The Junior Class has disappeared from off the face of the earth. Anyhow, no one is ever seen at their class meetings.

First Senior—What is the difference between a meter and lever?

Second Senior—The length of a (meet her) meter is always the same, while the length of a (leave her) lever depends altogether upon whom you are leaving.—Ex.

If a young man is in doubt as to the propriety of kissing a pretty girl, he should give the girl the benefit of the doubt.

Notice.—Pupils wishing to see Mr. Tait after school hours will find him in the southwest corner of the library.

We have given up the idea of getting a policeman's suit for Mr. Childs, for he doesn't want one.

We have all begun to realize the necessity of resistance, the way the lessons are being lengthened.

The cloak room of Room 6 has lately been held as reception room. But no more will be given this year.

I wonder if Mr. Yeardley used his bright new Baton for the recital?

Who will keep Moritz posted on the place?

Eighteen below zero, and the school rooms warm. We missed a looked-to vacation.

THE OBLIGING CLERK.

She sailed into the telegraph office and rapped on the counter. The clerk remembered that she had been there about ten minutes before as he came forward to meet her. He wondered what she wanted this time.

"Oh," she said, "let me have that telegram I wrote just now; I forgot something very important. I want to underscore the words 'perfectly lovely' in acknowledging the receipt of that bracelet. Will it cost anything extra?"

"No, ma'am," said the clerk, as he handed her the message.

The young lady drew two heavy lines beneath the words, and said:

"It's awfully good of you to let me do that. It will please Charley so much."

"Don't mention it," said the clerk. "If you would like it I will drop a few drops of violet extract on the telegram at the same rates.

"Oh, thank you, sir. You don't know how much I would appreciate it. I'm going to send all my telegrams through this office, you are so obliging."

And the smile she gave him would have done any one good with the possible exception of Charley.—Collier's Weekly.

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